DARK FURS that have become dull-looking may be made to look quite smart again by rubbing them over with a little brilliantine; use asoft clean brush to apply it with, and use it very sparingly. This treatment gives a gloss





THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 1767 of Andrew Jackson, conqueror of the British at New Orleans and twice President. He was known as "Old Hickory" and his life story reads like a romance. He fought many duels and was one of the inspiring figures of his day.

When a Girl Marries

Anne Discovers That Phoebe Was Not Really in Love With Neal and Jim Makes an Apology That Hurts His Wife.

"I don't care if it is or not. I'm

lonesome. "I guess the boys are,

too so far from home and with

By Ann Lisle. CHAPTER XCVII. (Copyright, 1919, by King Feature

to the fur.

Syndicate, Inc.) 66T HAVE rather monopolized Mrs. Harrison," agreed Anthony Norreys anilably when Jim came to challenge him as we sat talking after Virginia's dinner. "But for the matter of that I rather monopolize you, lad. I'm an old hulk that needs fine young craft to convoy it. You do that for my work. Your wife has just promised to do it for my charity. She's going to let me establish an endowment fund at the Canteenwe're going to dole out banana

splits' and cake and pudding." "I'm not sure Anne will . 'ntinue canteening," replied Jim darkly and ungraciously. "It's fine workbut I don't see that my wife is essential to it. It went on without her for a number of years-Terry broke in, and as is always

the case where he is concerned, Jim at once became peaceable and good-"Your dope's all wrong, Jim. The

idea is to relieve the veterans who have stood the strain for years by having the reserves come in. Every time Mrs. Jimmie has to serve at the dinner hour you count on me to share your lonely repast. I don't see why that didn't occur to

you on your own—aid chap."

Jim flushed and stirred uneasily
—glancing at me almost in embarrassment at Terry's words. And that told me that what he'd done on the one evening I was on canteen duty was by no means so innocent as spending the time with Terry. I wondered if Terry knewand was at one and the same time trying to secure my freedom for me and to make sure that Jim didn't take too lavish a portion of freedom for himself.

Bitter Reflections. As I look back on the evening, I wonder why I wasn't overwhelmed by the burning jealousy that usually overtakes me when I find myself questioning whether Jim is making use of his great fascingtion and charm for women. Was Norreys had given me great enough to tide me over this situation? Phoebe broke in as suddenly as Terry had done. "I want to work at a canteen, too.

BOBBIE AND HIS PA

By William F. Kirk. GRATE lady teecher of mu-

sick was to our house last nite. Ma wants me to lerh to sing & this lady Teecher went to skool with Ma & she tonid ma she wnd teech me to sing. That will be fine, sed Pa. I have offen wanted my son to sing, sed Pa. was his age, sed Pa, or a littel older, I had a Barvtone that was a Bear, sed Pa.

Indeed, sed the lady teacher, her naim was Madam Donaldy. Indeed, wud never hav suspeckted it from the timber of yure voice now,

Well, sed Pa, I suppose the timber is pritty old by now, but wen it was younger my voice used to ring out like a Bugel, sed Pa, clear & I see, sed Madam Donaldy, Well,

she sed, we shall see what we can do with this yung man here. He has a fine stage present, sae sed. He gits that from me, and Pa. I looked the part wen I used to sing. Wen I walked out on the stagee, sed Pa, you cud hear a egg diop. I deresay plenty of them dropped.

sed Madam Donaldy. These this yung man thirk as wul be in luv with Art? ine sed to Ma. I think he wud, sed Ma; he is kind of dreemy most of the time. Ma sed, espeshully wen I want him

to do anything. I think he wud maik a true artist. Anyway, I am anxshus for you to talk him in hand & see wast you can do with his We shall start next week, sed

Madam Donaldy. I wud rather lern to pitch & catch, I sed. Ha, Ha, sed Pa, that is quite a leep from musick. Well, Bobbie,

sed Pa if you talk after me you'll be abel to do everything like that. was a all around kid wen I was tittel, sed Pa. You are quite a all around man

now, sed Ma's friend. You must weigh 250 Pounds, she sed. I am not fat, the I may look a little that way, sed Pa. I am moastly Bone & Mussel, sed Ps. My husband, which I left, sed the geecher, was a good deel that way. Bone & Muscel Muscel form his sholders down, she seu, & Bone from his sholders up. But I seldom speek to him, she sed. & ask youre paruon for menshuning him here. That is all rite, sed Pa. I nevver repect any fambly seekrets. Most musical peepul has there matrymonyal trubbels, I guess, sed Pa. Artists are kind of hard to git clong with, excep with themself.

red Pa. They agre with themself grand, sed Pa. But do you reely think our littel son will be a songhird? sed Pa. So many yung men las beep spoiled that way, sed Pa. relling them that thay was grate singers wen they cuddent sing a note. I want you to be vary frank with us, sed Pa, & if Bobble's pipes are punk, sed Pa, tell us the straight of it.

If his voice shows no promise, sed the lady. I will premise you to tell the truth, jest as I am telling the truth new wen I say it is hard for me to believe that you evver had a singing voice, she sed to Pa. After she had went Pa sed Musical peepul is odd genyuses, that lady dident reelize that my voice

has musick in it.

I've nothing to do with myself and -I won't stand this!" cried Phoebe, the days are so long." passionately. "A worthy motive!" commented

the excitement of fighting all over. I'd like to meet 'em-and make a few friends. I don't know anyone in New York." "That's gracious of you, Phoebe," said Virginia-still in the dry, dead so different fresh her usual decisiveness. "My friends-

Virginia drily.

Jim's friends will appreciate being counted as nobody." Won't anyone understand?" Phoshe's voice broke and rasped. "You're all busy-and older than I and you know where you're going -what you're going to do with your lives. I can't stand this drifting around aimlessly and having to telle orders and always being the youngest-and not being vital to

anyone. So that explained Neal and his hold over Phoebe. The child's loneliness had driven her to accept his love. She needed him, rather than cared for him. In that moment I decided Virginia had been wise to s ud his ring back to my brother

"I think, dear-that you've made out the case gainst your taking on canteen work very well," said Virginia. "It needs responsible women -not girls looking for-larks and

"You'll never let me do a thing I want-I'll show you-I'll show you

Hostess and Guest

By Loretto C. Lynch.

My Dear Miss Lynch: am a business girl, twenty-five. A girl who worked with me about a year ago married recently and now has a home of her own. She invited me and two others to Sunday evening supper. Of course, I wore my only best gown and groomed myself as well as I knew When the meal was over, the others, including the husband. suggested that we help in clearing the table and washing the dishes. She offered us no aprons, and, against my better judgment, I pitched in. My only best gown became spotted, and I left for home feeling none too kindly toward my

Will you kindly help to settle a dispute which has arisen by telling me whether or not you believe I have a grievance? M. S. T.

Once when I had to live in a household dominated by a cockaure old farmer, a young lady from my home town came to visit for the day. I did not know he . for she not been there before during my stay, but the farmer and his family seemed to have known her when she lived "next farm" a few years before. She wore a pretty silk city dress, the envy of all the

admiring rural females. "She stayed for two meals," old Skinflint beggn, "and not a durn dish did she offer to wash. I tell you the city spiles a woman. Did yer notice how all the country folks pitched in and helped the missus?" But he had voiced his protest a bit sooner than he intended, for Miss Scott had not gone, as he supposed. She stepped in from the hall and faced old Skinflint. Had he had desire to apologize, one glance at Miss Scott's face knocked it out of

What she told him happened back in my memory when I read your letter. Shall I tell you just what Miss Scott said? Well, it was something like this: "See here," she snapped. "I came to see you for a little recreation and diversion. I came because you and your family urged me again and again to visit you. I work my only best dress and that is silk

When I lived in the country and

came calling in a cheap callee. I did not mind pitching in and helping the missus, but I certainly will do no helping when I'm wearing my best, hard-to-earn gown." Needless to say, that ended Miss Scott's relations with the farmer and his family, but I came to know her quite well. I came to know she had to leave her home before seven each morning to get to work on That meant that she had to arise about six. I also came to find out that Miss Scott was quite religious, and she did not approve of doing any work on the Sabbath

that could be put off until the mor-

A good hostess never allows her guest to be annoyed in so far as she is able to prevent it. And a woman who cannot look out for the comfort of her guests should not attempt to entertain. A particularly good hostess whom I know manages to entertain without a maid, and does it well. Her husband earns only a moderate wage, Yet when she has a few guests on Sunday evening once a month, we are all hoping for invitations. In the first place, she limits the

number of her guests. Besides herself and her husband there are usually four others. She limits her menu to one main dish, a quick bread, and an easy-to-serve dessert. A salad or a chafing dish concoction is the piece de resistance, When you sit down every necessary is upon the table. There is sufficient water and butter balls and everything else to relieve your hostess of the necessity of jumping up from the table just as you are about to come to the point in some joke you are telling.

Black cloth which has become sniny can be improved by the application of spirits of turpentine. Place a little on a plece of flannel and rub well into the cloth. The disagreeable smell is easily removed by exposing the article to the open air for a short time.

A Story of Early Wedded Life

Virginia took this very calmly, too-she seemed entrenched in a passive indifference from which nothing could stir her.

Phoebe Sent to Bed. "I'll let you do one thing you've been saying you wanted to-and that's run along to your own room, dear," she said, smoothly. Phoebe's little heart-shaped face

crimsoned and flushed. "So you send me, to bed like a baby. You humillate me before every one. You wait, Virginia Daiton-you wait!" Then, with the curtest of goodnights, she fied from the room.

"I can't think what has taken possesion of the child. She doesn't act like herself. I apologize for Phoebe, and I apologize to Virginia for the way her dinner has been turned into a debating so-

Jim turned with a word of apol-

I winced. Was that for Phoebe

Sheldon, silent so long, had crossed to Virginia's side. Now he was leaning over her with every show of devotion, and, strangely enough. Virginia didn't seem to re-But it was Anthony Norreys who

saved the day. The child is lonesome. Somehow, we hardly see her, Mrs. Dalton, when you're around. Of course, she can't canteen, because they aren't taking on green hands. But maybe you'd let her help me a bit.

I'm thinking of sending Doris West to our Boston office." "Oh, don't deprive me of little Miss West!" protested Jim. "I'd never get on with my sister as assistant. I'd tyrannize over her shamelessly. I'm-used to Miss

"Miss West-that's the pretty, Oriental little creature out at your place, isn't it?" I asked thought-

But as Jim and Terry turned quickly to study me a memory came back to assail me-Jim's words the day I told him I was on for the dinner hour at the canteen-"In case I de consele myself by taking a beautiful lady out to dinner-Was Jim interested in his secre-

was Mr. Norreys, in friendship for me, going to put temptation out of my husband's To Be Continued.

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

DUSS JUNIOR awoke with a start as Tom Thumb leaned over him and whispered "S.c.s.sh' The Robber Kitten is getting up. I see him stretching his legs and yawning."

Puss peered around the tree, and, sure enough, the Robber Kitten was awake. He was cleaning his pistol. which gleamed in the rays of the early morning sur.

"I wish I could get hold of that pistol," sighed Puss Junior as he pulled on his red-top boots. "If it weren't for that dreadful pistol I'd tackle that Robber Kitten this minute!"

Tom Thumb was busy brushing his clothes and parting his hair, which, of course, was all mussed up. "I don't feel very comfortable." he remarked. "I'd like to wash my hands and face; would if that Robber Kitten were only out of the way."

"Well, there he goes," said Puss Junior. "You go ahead and wash your hands and face in the brook, and I'll follow the Robber Kitten. You had better be quick, or you'll lose us

Well, for almost a week they followed the Robber Kitten, until "One day he met a Robber Dog, And they sat down to drink ; The dog did joke and laugh and

Which made the kitten wink, wink, wink, wink. Which made the kitten wink. At last they quarreled, then they

Beneath the greenwood tree. Till pues was felled with an awful club, Most terrible to see! See, see, see, Most terrible to see! When puss got up his eye was shut, And swelled and black and blue;

Moreover, all his bones were sore,

So he began to mew! Mew, mew, So he began to mew!" "And then would you believe it."
Puss Junior said. "Tom, I'm not going to have a kitten treated like that by a dog," and swinging his sword he rushed at the Robber Dog, who turned tall and fled through the woods. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that

(To be Continued.) She Wept.

(Copyright, 1919, David Corv.)

The troops were returning, and there were many touching meet-

Mrs. Browne hadn't been able to meet her sons, but was eager to hear all about it from others who "Lillian, did you swee?" she asked a luckler sister.

"Did I weep?" said Lillian, smiling a watery smile. "My dear, I had a cloudburst!"

A Bit Flooring.

The returned hero, who in the course of his career had jumped 8,000 feet from his observation balloon, was showing his parachute spread out on his lawn to an old lady visitor. Not understanding the modus operandi of the toing, the old lady remarked: "How clever of you to have jumped from a balloon into such a

small sheet!"

The Latest Styles for Spring

Republished by Special Arrangement Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine

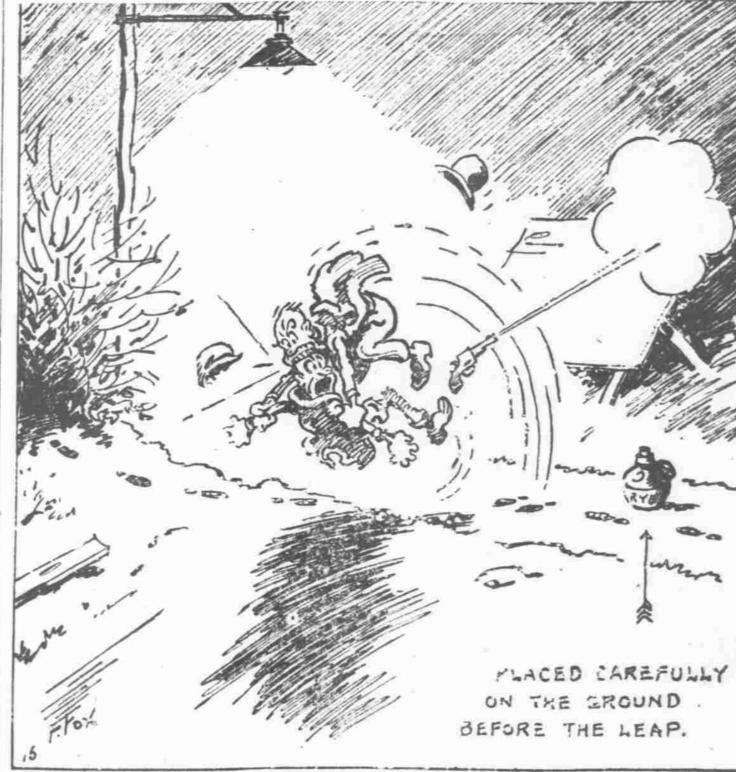


A frock of navy blue or black + French serge, with a tucked collar of Porto Rican hand-drawn voile, clusters of fine tucks, and self-covered buttons. The new scoop hat is coarse, taupe straw, brimmed with Pekin blue

Smartly tailored dress of navy blue or black French serge. There are pipings of victory red silk, tucks for vest and collar, and many serge buttons. Taupe Georgette crepe sailor, patent leather straps.

A slim, pretty dress it is a pleasure to describe - navy blue and white foulard with vest, girdle and bandings of blue Georgette crepe. Afternoon hat of black maline and braid, trimmed with henna ostrich and

Pretty Soon Some Held-up Man Will Tackle an Anti-Prohibitionist Carrying Home a Jug of Rare Old Whiskey. By FONTAINE FOX.



(Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate.)

Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ. Lucien Confides to Baron Plucke How He First Came to Realize He Had X-Ray Eyes

By GUY DE TERAMOND. Lucies Delorme presents letters of introduction to lime. Armelin and rem-isters at her boarding house. He makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Tabis-ery, rich American widow, and a Gustemalan general, Dominge F Long.

ery, rich American widow, and a Gustemalan general, Dominge F Loffest Liva Tankery, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jawiss. Mrs. Tankery is found dead in her room—murdered. After an investigation Delurme's is suspected. Later Delorme's is released.

The Baron Plucke meets Delorme and reveals details of transaction he intends to carry out.

Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of the Counte D'Abasoli-Viscona excites considerable comment throughout Faria, and a clever organization of theres, the "A" Band, plots to get them. They lease an adjoining apartment.

Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for a loan, and to the supposed to contain them is empty. The "A" band decide to force as antrance to the safe. Accomplishing their purpose, they find the vanit empty of jewels.

Delorme is seized while at the comte's apartment and left to die in the jewel safe. To avert suspicion his ciothing is piled en the Quai Javel.

Baron Plucke, financier, melic all of Delorme in solving murder of a relative, the circlimatances of which are almost identical with the Tankery tragedy. The Maharajah of Poudbucurrah sends an agent to Baron Plucke séeking to borrow \$15 000,000 on the royal jewels.

Burgiare break the mare and are on the royal jewels.

Burgiars break the safe and are select with terror when belows springs out.
Lucien falls in love with Georgetts,
one of the assassins, and has another
miraculous escape from death.

Then as his host, by a gesture, had motioned him to an armchair. he sat down and began this singular

"Several months ago, one morning. I started for Dieppe. By my mother's advice I was going to consult Dr. Tremeaux. A little red spot, caused I don't know how, dis-figured my right nostril. My aunt, who lives in Dieppe with my cousin Marise, had spoken of a surgeon who worked wonders with radioelectric machines of his own invention to cure this kind of little physlcal ailment.

"I left his office delighted with the success of the operation, and was returning to my aunt's, where I was to lunch, not without drawing from my pocket, every now and then, a little mirror and looking at myself a moment with satisfaction. "This thought was doubtless occupying my mind more than I admitted, for, suddenly, in crossing a street. I did not see the sidewalk. missed my footing, and fell full

length while my eyeglasses slid from my nose, nd my cane and hat rolled on the ground. "Luckily, the fall did me no injury. was on my feet again. But the accident had the most unexpected consequences.

"I looked around me with wild eyes. Great drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. My face expressed terrible agony. My whole body shuddered with horror and broken words fell from my

"Skeletons! * * * skeletons everywhere! * * walking on the sidewalk * * * driving the carriages . . on all the stories of the houses. . . "My cries of alarm had caused a natural stir in the street. "People ran toward me, while my

exclamations increased: "Now they are coming toward me * * here they are! * * * their bony arms are stretched toward me * * Oh, don't come near me, skeletons * * * don't touch me!

"I wanted to fly, but my limbs refused to carry me. "Then I fell on the edge of the sidewalk, dazed, panting, covering my eyes with my trembling hands, as if to shut out a horrible vision. "Yet this moment's prostration calmed me. With the mechanical gesture of a near-sighted person. had put on my glasses again and, raising my head. I looked with surprise at the crowd aurrounding me. 'Oh!' I muttered" under my breath, 'what caused this?-what is the meaning of the hallucination I had so suddenly?"

"Take a carriage, and return home,' one of the spectators advised me in a fatherly way, as he helped me to rise. These attacks of vertigo are frequent after overwork; you must rest. "Just then a cab came up. jumped in, calling my aunt's ad-

dress to the driver.

"While he was lashing his horses wiped the perspiration from my forehead with my handkerchief, brushed the dust from my hat, and then tried to reduce my thoughts to "The clearest thing in the matter,' I thought, 'is that I have been

punished for not paying attention. When my aunt hears this she will make fun of me again, treating me as if I were absent-minded. In fact,, I instantly added, 'in order not to alarm her uselessly, I won't tell her anything about this strange adventure! "When I reached her house I was

most cordially received, as usual; my cousin offered me cheeks to kiss as fresh as two ripe peaches. "But, just as I was going to embrace her, the cord of my eyeglosses caught in my cuffbutton and dragged them from my nose; at the same time I uttered a cry of terror, stammering, and bewildered. "'Oh, Good Lord, Marise, too, changed into a skeleton * * and the little dog a skeleton * the little dog also * Begone, phantoms — you

specters that pursue me every-"Fairly maddened. I fled, ran across the antechamber, dashed downstairs four steps at a time, and reached the janitress' room like

an avalanche. "The good woman was knitting quietly behind her glass door. "I darted toward her:

"But I had not crossed the thresh-

old when I started back with a gesture of horror: "Another one!

"And this time I fell fainting on the floor." Lucien Detorme stopped a moment to take breath; then, while Baron Plucke looked at him antlously, thinking himself in the presence of a madman, he contin-

"Night had come when, a few hours later, I recovered my senses. "I was lying with my head cov-ered with thick bandages. I falt sore all over. My forehead ached confusedly. My ideas were mud-dled, and I vainly sought to regain a little clearness of mind. "At my first movement a little soft hand was laid on my burning fingers, while my cousin's voice

"Don't stir, Lucien. Don't speak, that is forbidden. We are taking care of you in our house. Your mother arrived just now. We telegraphed to her. Oh, my poor cousin, what a fright you gave us when you were picked up in the janitrees' room, with your face covered with blood. Dr. Tremeaux, who came at once, feared concussion of the "'Here he comes now,' interrupted

"The door was closing upon the physician who, approaching my bed, leaned over me. "'Let us see how we are this evening. No agitation! Good * * * Give me your wrist. Excellent, he added, at the end of an instant; there is no fever. I will remove the ban of silence. Now, let us talk a little, for these ladies have told fine such tragical things . * * *

"'Alas, doctor,' I cried, they have told only the truth!" "While I was relating-all that had happened since my fall. Dr. Tremeaux shok his head, looking at Marise and my aunt; it was evident that he was wondering whether the delirium was not continuing, and it was not my mental condition that most required his care.

"'Come,' he answered in a fatherly tone, 'I am going to examine the little cuts on your skull. We'll attend to this skeleton story later. "While speaking, he was fastening the Sandages, then be lifted the piece of gutta percha. but at the very moment that he removed the bandages, wet with cold water, the electricity went out and the room was plunged in dark-

(TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Parted Lovers. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have known a young man for quite some time. I love him and knew my love is reciprocated. He asked me many times to go out with him, but I refused owing to the fact that we are of different religions. Since my refusal our friendship waned Now do you think it would be proper for me to write this man and try is gain back our friendship, if nothing clos, as I do believe that our sulgion will keep us apart?

will keep us apart? Since you still believe that the difference in religion is an insurmountable barrier, I should think it much wiser not to attempt seeing each other again. It would not be fair, either to yourself or to the young man with whom you believe yourself in love.

Does He Love Her?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am nineteen and am considered cool looking, and also a good dancer good looking, and also a and I am a very jolly girl. and I am a very jolly girl.

There is a young man whem I have gone out with quite a number of times, but knowing that he gues out with other girls I do not know whether he loves me. But, while with me he seems to pay all attention to me.

Now Miss Fairfax I would like to know how to find out whether he likes me or not.

ANXIOUS.

There is no way of knowing whether the young man is in leve with you until he himself tells yes so. The chances are that so far. he is not. Be reasonably patient until you know each other better Love should not be forced in this hasty fashlon.

A Rousing Preacher. Among the anecdotes told of the

late Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Anderston, Glasgow, is the following: When he was assistant to Dr. Bonar at Larbert he had over three miles to walk from his lodging at Larbert to Dunipace, where he generally preached. He used to set off early in the morning, giving thundering knocks on the cottage doors on his route to rouse the late slumbering inmates, commanding them to come to church, and taking no refusal. One morning he met a quarryman, whom, as usual, he urged to accompany him. "Hoo can I come in thae boots?" was the stolid reply. Dr. Somerville took off his own

Reservations.

footgear and insisted on an ex-

enough for you to hear in and

yours are good enough for me to

"Now," he said, "mine are good

The war may be over, but it hasn't been over long enough for some people to regain their former

That's how it was with Jenks, the waiter. "Look here," said the irate diner, "there's a fly in the Butter!" "That isn't a fly," said Jenks sweetly; "it is a moth. And that

isn't butter; it's margarine. Otherwise your assertion is correct."